### My Angel Mother.

Angel mother, look down and see
Thy child so sadly bereft of thee.
I long to lay my aching head,
Down upon thine earthen bed,
Where they laid thy cold, still form,
When thou from me by death was torn.

Sadly I miss thee, mother dear,
But thou to me seem'st near;
When in hours of grief and pain,
In tenderest tones so sweet and plain,
Thy gentle voice I seem to hear
Falling like music on my ear.

Angel mother, I miss thee now.
There is no hand to stroke my aching brow,
There is no friend so dear to me,
So good, so kind, so true as thee.
May Heaven lead my faltering feet
Until thee again I meet.

Angel mother, now up in Heaven,
Ask God to bless the child He has given.
Ask Him to lead my footsteps right,
In purity and love, within His sight.
Ask Him to leave me not alone,
Till I arrive at His heavenly throne.

Angel mother, now up with God,
No more to walk this earthly sod,
No more to face earth's chilling blast,
Or fight the battles which now are past.
No more to tread life's thorny way,
Or face death's chill so bleak and gray.

But now at last, at last,
All thine earthly care is past.
I will love thee all my life,
Through the peace and through the strife,
Till we meet at Heaven's door,
On that bright eternal shore.

EMMA DAVIDSON.

### A Lesson From The Trees.

Preached at Miamisburg by E. Mason, May 27, 1888.

"And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish: I the Lord have spoken and have done it." Ezekiel 17: 24.

In spring and early summer, when Nature appears in holiday attire, awakening from her slumber of the winter night, the earth is carpeted in exquisite green, and beautiful with every tint of the rainbow, filling the air with a delightful perfume, of all the beautiful features, that of a noble forest is, perhaps, the most affecting and lovely. We behold the trees raising their lofty heads on high, waving their branches in joyous acclaim, and murmuring their hymns of praise to the great Creator, spreading out their hands to receive his blessing, and lifting up their lips to kiss the heavens, from which all good things come. What solemn thoughts come unbidden as we stand in the midst of the sublime grandeur of the forest. There the gentle winds whisper to the heart in tenderest tones of heavenly music. There, amidst the long aisles and vistas, in comparison with which the thousand columns of Constantinople sink into great insignificance, the weary and careworn spirit bathes in the refreshment offered by its serene silence. When the sun shines brightly through the foliage, and tints the mosses with a thousand colors, and paints the grass with a mosaic far more beautiful than that which adorns the Vatican, the heated brow is cooled by the gentle breeze, the mind is soothed by the fragrance, the eye is cheered by the glimpse of the still sky caught through the tops of the moving trees, and the soul feels that there is a sympathy between heaven and earth, and reposes itself more calmly upon its God.

Beautiful, indeed, is the forest. It is beautiful in the day, when the sun is journeying across the heaven like a blazing world. It is beautiful in the night when the myriad lights are seen, some like motionless thrones, others moving in intricate courses. It is beautiful when living fires leap from the sky with a thundering roar, or the earth trembles beneath the footsteps of the storm king. It is beautiful when at the dawn of spring it bursts forth into new life. It is beautiful, too, in summer, when the landscape is palpitating with heat and it throws open its gates of welcome, offering its cool and shade to the weary and worn. It is beautiful in the sadness of autumn, for when all around speaks of change, its verdure whispers of regions where sorrow and decay never come, and point the longing spirit to the paradise of eternal spring. It is no less beautiful in the winter, when the tiers of branches are covered with snow and sculptured by the winds into unsullied curves of exquisite grace. It is beautiful in calm, when the tree tops scarcely whisper to each other, and the song of the bird awakes gentle carol. It is far more beautiful in the storm, when the wild fingers of the wind play marvellous music on the strings of this wonderful harp and its rich diapason sounds forth like the roar of the ocean dashing upon the granite rock. The forest seems a temple of the great God, and as Longfellow has said: "There nature, with folded hands, seems bending in worship."

Let us open the great book of nature, and from the trees learn a valuable and practical lesson. In the Bible God refers so often to the trees. He refers and calls the attention of man to them for the purpose of illustrating his conduct, his dependence upon his Creator, and the purpose for which he was created. And what better time for this lesson than when the vegetable world has on its gorgeous robe of resurrection life. First of all, then, I will ask you to notice the structure of trees. What a great variety. How grandly is each tree adapted to the purpose it is to serve and the position it is to occupy in the natural world.

The primitive form of all trees is conical, that being the form in which there is the greatest strength with the least substance. In the oak, and many other trees, this form is departed from as the tree gains strength, and branches are given forth in a horizontal direction. But in the pine, which lives in bleak and stormy regions, and grows on the mountain's summit or on the side of the precipice, this primitive form is undeparted from, giving to the tree a giant's strength with an infant's form.

It is also a remarkable fact, and one worthy of observation, that the bark of the trees is always thicker and rougher in the direction of the prevailing storm. Also on the northern sides, where they would most encounter the cold north wind, they are always covered with a coating of grey lichens.

Even down to the formation of the leaves we behold the evidences of design. In plants which grow under the water the leaves are cut in long segments, so that the water may pass between without breaking them. The leaves of the pine are tough and narrow, the wind, therefore, can blow freely among them without injuring or tearing them from the trees. We should not fail to notice that this narrowness and smallness of leaf is compensated for by the immense number and persistence. They cling to the tree through summer and winter, each branch bearing the growth of five or six summers. By means of this arrangement, nourishment for the life of the tree is drawn from the light and dew and air without intermission, hence the pine grows much more rapidly than other trees, and in this manner compensation is made for the many accidents to which the tree is liable.

It is by musing upon such coincidences that we are led to believe in the existence of an infinite, omnipotent and omniscient Creator.

The same God who adapts each tree of the forest to its habitant, and gives to every plant that form and covering which is best suited to it in the place which he has assigned to it, will also fit and qualify us for the position we are to occupy. If life is smooth, and prosperity shines upon us, let us learn from the oak to spread forth our branches and offer to those around us comfort and blessing. If, on the contrary, the cold atmosphere of a pinching poverty is our lot, and the bleak and biting winds of adversity and trial blow upon us, we may learn from the pine, amidst these chilling conditions, to maintain our moral and spiritual rectitude complete, and trust in God for the strength and protection our circumstances require. Where nature has made the smiling landscape a dreary wilderness, or a rugged mountain, where all seems barrenness and disorder, there let us raise our heads high toward heaven, and among the wastes and ravages of nature, let our life always speak of the order of heaven and the living care of our God.

Then, secondly, observe the distribution of trees. The palm, the symbol of the tropics, flourishes in the summer of the world, while the pine, of humble form and sturdy growth, thrives in the winter. The one teaching us beauty and fruitfulness, the other strength and patience and endurance. It is not amid soft breezes and in rich soil, with warm sunbeams falling upon it, and under the smile of blue and unchanging skies that the pine grows, but on the rugged rocks, with but few inches of soil, under gloomy clouds and amid howling winds. In regions such as this, it maintains its dignity and grows strong by endurance and symmetrical by hard struggle. By catching the clouds in its waving leaves it converts them into sparkling rivulets which gush forth from the bases of the rocks in swelling torrents, and gives life, fertility and beauty to the valleys beneath.

From such instances as these, we may learn that luxury and wealth, though often coveted, are not the chief blessings of life—that a position of ease and plenty is not the only one in which we may glorify God and do good to our fellowmen. Moral fortitude and spiritual dignity are greater blessings than mundane prosperity. As the pine, though living in stormy and desolate regions, by its presence and life gives beauty to the landscape and blessings to the inhabitants. By concealing the scars and deformities of nature, by adorning the rugged and wild places of the earth, and by yielding comfort and joy to those among whom we live, we may glorify God.

Our Saviour was a "root out of dry ground," but by his humble growth he has become the "Tree of Life" whose leaves are for the healing of the nation, spreading life and blessing over a lost world and offering shelter and salvation to the fallen son of Adam.

Then thirdly, we will consider the antiquity of trees. Every glimpse of woodland scenery impressed upon the geological record of the earth shows to us that arborescent life has flourished throughout untold ages. Trees have existed from the earliest periods and have maintained their characteristic properties, their extensive distribution, their age and consistency of habit through all the changes of the earth's surface. Continents have been submerged beneath the ocean and raised again by volcanic action, or some other equally powerful agent. Solid rocks have been dissolved, and the everlasting hills have been reduced by denudation and carried away by rivers to be deposited upon the ocean's bed. The innumerable coral insects of the sea have built through inconceivable cycles of time. The rock which now rears its proud head above the waters and scatters into foam and feathery spray the surging waves that dash against it. And through all this time trees have lived and have deposited in the crust of the earth their ancient remains, which now supply us with fuel for our fires and with material for many of the arts and conveniences of modern civilization. Universal in space, universal in time, and from the very first presenting a perfect structure. Trees are monuments both of the existence and goodness of an eternal God.

During untold ages, before the advent of man, vegetation flourished, and the cedars inhabited the forest of the primeval world. We burn in our household fires today, the relics of the cedars, the pines, the lepidodendrons, and the sigillarias, whose plumes waved in the air long before the earth was a fit habitation for man. When the mastodon roamed the forest, and the ichthyosaurus ploughed the mighty deep and the quadrillion animalculae which now compose our chalk formation, sported themselves for their brief existence, then arborescent life, from the smallest and most delicate fern which waved with the gentlest breeze in the warm valley, to the sturdy and stately tree which brandished its arms and clapped its hands in merry sport to the time the stray wind played upon the harp-strings of the forest. In an age which is so remote that it seems almost mythical, the trees flourished and did their part in clearing the air of carbonic acid gas, and so preparing the earth as a suitable habitation for man. Innumerable ages before the heir of nature was placed in Eden, the trees were preparing his home and laying up vast stores of coal, which, after a sleep of a million years, should rise again to be the regenerator and improver of the human race. When we remember that not only the monster tree, but also the delicate fern, which grew ages before the creation of man, each played its part in the economy of nature, and also